

191  
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THE

LOYAL SHEPHERDS;

OR, THE

RUSTIC HEROINE,

A

Dramatic PASTORAL POEM.

---

IN ONE ACT.

---

TO WHICH IS AFFIXED,

Several SONNETS, BALLADS,  
ACROSTICS, &c.

---

Written by T. GOODWIN.

---

Printed for the AUTHOR and sold by H. SETHCHEL, King-street,  
and J. SHOVE and SON, Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.

A N

A C R O S T I C.

T he infant Bard b' ambition taught to soar,  
H umanity's kind aid presumes t' implore;  
O ne smiling glance from pity's beaming eye,  
M ight raise aspiring hope, suppress the sigh;  
A nd grant that transport which the lover proves,  
S ecure of fav'ring smiles from her he loves :

G ratitude's unfellow'd boon shou'd reign,  
O 'er all who dwell on life's unlevel plain;  
O n sacred friendship many things depend,  
D are any mortal, then, forget his friend?  
W hile those my patrons\* patronize my theme,  
I'll careful toil to merit their esteem,  
N or think reality an idle dream.

\* The Subscribers.

SUB-



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D R A.

## *Dramatis Personæ.*

### M E N.

STREPHON, a Shepherd.

GAFFER, an old Peasant.

Eleven Swains.

### W O M E N.

PHILLIS, a Shepherdess.

GAMMER, Gaffer's Wife.

MOPSA, Gaffer's Daughter.

And the Inhabitants of the Village.

---

T H E

LOYAL SHEPHERDS, &c.

---

S C E N E. A Village, the Inhabitants  
standing at the Doors of their Cottages.

GAMMER *enters hastily and sings as follows:*

A I R.

OH neighbours I've news that will surely a-  
larm ye,  
The French have invaded our coast with an army;  
They daily come nearer and nearer unto us,  
Oh, this sad event will for ever undo us.

For tho' they be French, they may have English  
palates,  
And prefer good roast-beef to soup-maigre and  
sallads;  
They'll eat up our victuals, and send us all packing,  
O lud, how the thought sets my poor heart an aching.

B *Ah,*

2 THE LOYAL SHEPHERDS;

*Ah, Gaffer, Old England is ruin'd believe me,  
I told you your fav'rites, at last, would deceive ye;  
But don't stand here gaping, get into your houses,  
And prepare to defend your poor children and  
spouses.*

(They all go into the cottages except Gaffer,  
who stands in a thoughtful posture; after a  
short pause he speaks as follows:)

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Gaffer.* Wauns! this is shocking news I do  
protest,  
Yet may be Gammer only was in jest;  
Or if in earnest she may be mistaken,  
But, be't as 'twill, I'll go secure the bacon.

(Gaffer goes into his cottage, then the scene  
changes to a beautiful grove. Strephon  
enters with Phillis weeping on his arm, he  
sings as follows:)

A I R.

*Most lovely Phillis, tho' I go,  
I quickly shall return;  
Come stem those tides of grief which flow,  
Nor, when I'm absent, mourn.  
Doubt not, dear nymph, my faithful vow,  
If thou hast love for me,  
I swear, when laurels grace my brow,  
I will return to thee.*

*And*

*And when thou bid'st me lead the way,  
To Hymen's sacred shrine,  
In wedlock's noose, without delay,  
Our hands and hearts we'll join.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Phillis.* But, think, how many happy hours,  
We've trifled in these rural bow'rs.

*Strephon.* Indeed I own that's very true,  
But I have not time to trifle now.

*Phillis.* Yet stay I beg, if you depart,  
Oh dear, 'twill surely break my heart.

*Strepon.* (*Aside*) Better one woman's heart  
should break,  
Than a whole nation go to wreck.

(*To her.*) My country calls, and should I  
shrink,  
Good Heav'n what wou'd the people think?

*Phillis.* Theyd'think you lov'd sincere I trow,

*Strephon.* Then don't I love sincerely now?

*Phillis.* I doubt.——

*Strephon.* —— Nay, *Phillis*, say not so:  
You know my heart, I ne'er romance,  
Yet 'ere I'd live the slave of France,  
I vow I'd die for liberty,  
So now for death or victory.

(*Exit.*)



## THE LOYAL SHEPHERDS,

A I R. PHILLIS alone,

*So, here in dull sorrow and anguish,  
 The shepherd has left me to languish;  
 Oh, dear, I am quite out of patience,  
 These Frenchmen, plague take their invasions,  
 By sea to come privately, rot 'em,  
 I wish they'd all gone to the bottom.*

*But I'll be reveng'd take my word, fir,  
 I'll purchase a gun and a sword, fir;  
 A swinging cockade and a beaver,  
 Coat and breeches, all gallant and clever,  
 And 'till the rude combat is over,  
 I'll fight by the side of my lover.*

*(Exit.)*

STREPHON re-enters meeting eleven swains.

A I R. Strephon.

*I once was a shepherd, that watch'd by the brook,  
 My ewes and my lambkins, with pipe and with crook;  
 But now, in defiance of danger or scar,  
 Behold a brave soldier equipt for the war:  
 To you, brother shepherds, who dwell on the plain,  
 Myself I address, and I hope not in vain,  
 Come, muster your courage, for once be persuaded,  
 For Britain's fam'd isle is by Frenchmen invaded.*

*Ye beaux come renounce your most favourite pride,  
 Learn to use the bright gem, which adorns the fair  
 side,*

Nor

Nor longer go dangle with folly and vice,  
 But the soldier assume, and make glory your choice :  
 Ye topers, no longer o'er juice of the grapes,  
 Sit and spend the choice hours like insensible apes,  
 But grasp firmly the sword, let my counsel be headed,  
 For Britain's fam'd isle is by Frenchmen invaded.

Yet, ladies, I hope you're not angry with me,  
 Altho' I entice your fond lovers away,  
 'Tis but to defend Britain's charters and rights,  
 And in such a cause, he wins honor who fights :  
 So now, brother Britons, for combat prepare,  
 Ne'er harbour dull doubt, nor give scope to despair,  
 Let's summon our valour, good fortune will aid us,  
 And we'll make them repent that they dar'd to in-  
 vade us.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*First Swain.* Thy words (brave youth) doth  
 animate desire,

And fill my bosom with heroic fire ;

*Second Swain.* I pant for glory,

*Third Swain.* ——— and I burn for fame,

*Fourth Swain.* I wish by noble deeds to  
 raise my name.

*First Swain.* In short (brave youth) we  
 mutually agree,

To defend Britannia, or to fall with thee,

But we've no weapons,

*Strephon.* ——— let not that appall,

Come to my cottage, I'll equip ye all.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

PHIL-

PHILLIS *re-enters in a soldiers dress compleatly arm'd.*

### R E C T A T I V E.

*Phillis.* And what altho' I was a woman once,  
The hero now my habit doth announce;  
(*Exulting*) I'm fir'd with courage, (*with timidity*)  
yet I'm chill'd with fear,  
I wish my dearest *Strephon* was but here;  
For, if that idol of my soul be lost!

(*Seeming to observe him coming.*)

Oh no, I spy him with a goodly host;  
They come, (*Strephon &c. enter*) all hail, ye  
sons of loyalty,  
Ye undissembled friends of royalty;  
I heard of your intended expedition,  
And come to join ye, if you'll grant permission.

*Strephon.* O come and welcome, we will not  
reject,  
But treat your valour with all due respect.

*Phillis.* But there's one evil which attends  
my case,

*Strephon.* Say what, and we that *evil* will  
redress,

*Phillis.* My discipline.

*Strephon.* ——— O dear, you've nought to do,  
But shoot the foe, lest they demolish you.

*Phillis.* Oho, if that be all, why then I'm  
happy,

*Streph.* See here, my friends, I've got a cogue  
of nappy; The

OR, THE RUSTIC HEROINE. 7

The good King's health shall crown each noggin,  
We will but drink, and then be jogging.

A I R. Adapted to the tune of *God save  
great George our King.*

Streph. *Health to great George our King,  
On him, (while thus we sing)  
May fortune smile;  
May rebellion's crest be laid  
In dark oblivion's shade,  
And peace her banners spread  
O'er Briton's isle.*

Phillis. *Health to the royal fair,  
Beauty's pride, virtue's care,  
Britain's kind Queen;  
May truth, sincerity,  
Wealth and prosperity,  
Bless the posterity  
Of this bright reign.*

C H O R U S.

*Health to the Hero brave,  
Fate grant that he may lave  
In glory's spring;  
May triumphant victory,  
Laurels and liberty,  
Be Britains destiny,  
"God save the King."*

Huzza, huzza, huzza. (*Exeunt omnes in order.*)

SCENE.

8 THE LOYAL SHEPHERDS,

SCENE. *The Village, Gammer stands  
ing at her door, Mopsa enters hastily.*

RECITATIVE.

*Mopsa.* Why, mother, they say the French  
are just at hand,

*Gam.* Aye, daughter, daughter, so I under-  
stand.

*Mopsa.* But what, I wonder, can the French  
want here,

*Gam.* To fill their bellies with good English  
chear.

*Mopsa.* Oh, mercy on us.

*Gam.* ——— then they'll next proceed,  
Beneath their feet fair liberty to tread.

*Mopsa.* Oh dear!

*Gam.* ——— then cancel Britains sacred  
charter,

Her laws suppress, her antient customs barter;  
The free-born lads must hostile chains put on,  
And ev'ry buxom lass must then turn Nun.

*Mopsa.* O Lord forbid that I should turn a Nun!

*Gam.* Ah, child, they'll force ye,

*Mopsa.* ——— but that can't be done.  
For if you'll now believe, you need not doubt  
me,

I han't a morsel of Nun's flesh about me.

GAFFER



OR, THE RUSTIC HEROINE. 9

GAFFER comes out of an Alehouse, GAMMER observes him.

Gam. See, there's your Father, what a foolish lout,  
O Gaffer, Gaffer, what d'ye think about;  
Our land invaded, and the foe is near,  
And you've got drunk, —  
Gaffer. — the way to banish care.  
(Hiccups.)

A I R. Gaffer.

Z---nds, why should I sigh in despair,  
Shall Frenchmen fill Britons with fear;  
Give me twice two score,  
And I'll beat them twice o'er,  
Tho' I'm drunk, (dam' me) what do I care.

Discourage me now if you can,  
When nature with clay fills the pan;  
Nine Frenchmen it takes  
If a taylor she makes,  
And nine taylor's it takes to a man.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Gam. Ah, poor Old England, faith it grieves  
me fore,  
Thy fate was ne'er so desperate before;  
C But

10 THE LOYAL SHEPHERDS,

But when such men rule, as are our rulers now,  
Lord, who can wonder? —

Gaff. ——— Why that's very true,  
And yet 'tis hard ———

Gam. ——— Now had I rul'd the roast,  
The French had never touch'd Britannia's coast;  
I wou'd have kept such mighty force by land,  
And then by sea, a fleet so staunchly mann'd.---

Gaffer. (*laughing*) Oh, dear, it makes me  
laugh amidst my fears,  
A poor old woman manage state affairs.  
Ha! ha! ha! &c.

T R I O.

Gam. You're a sot and a churl, (*attempting  
to strike him*)

Gaff. ——— Do, vixen, be quiet.

Both. You're never at ease neither up nor  
in bed.

Mopsa. Now father, dear mother, don't  
keep such a riot.

Gaff. and Gam. Stand off saucy baggage or  
I'll break your head.

Gaff. Why, Gammer, you're drunk, (*jocosely*)

Gam. ——— No, 'tis you have got tipsey,

Gaff. and Gam. You lie, and I'd tell you  
so, was ye at home.

Mopsa. This bawling is shameful.-----

Gaff and Gam. ----- Impertinent gypsy,  
To what a vast pitch is your impudence come:

Gam-

- Gam. } You fit guzzling,  
 Gaff. } I'm a fellow,  
 Mopsa. } Father mother,  
 Gam. } Whilst I'm puzzling,  
 Gaff. } When I'm mellow;  
 Mopsa. } Pray give over.  
 Gam. } My brains for the good of my country  
           and king,  
 Gaff. } Bold as a mariner tofs'd by the  
           waves,  
 Mopsa. } Peace and contentment is better than  
           strife;  
 Gam. } But however,  
 Gaff. } Don't provoke me,  
 Mopsa. } Now believe me,  
 Gam. } I endeavour,  
 Gaff. } For now look ye,  
 Mopsa. } Much you grieve me.  
 Gam. } To you, ye dull sluggard, 'tis all  
           the same thing.  
 Gaff. } I will reign predominant over  
           my slaves.  
 Mopsa. } For cavils and noise are but burthens  
           to life.

*Gaffer and Gammer attempt to strike each other, but Mopsa prevents them, 'till a fife and drum (without) alarms them.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*Gam.* Hark! I hear the invaders army coming,

*Mopsa.* Now for a Nunnery, -----

*Gaff.* ----- Zooks, I hear 'em drumming.

*Gam.* O how I tremble, -----

*Mopsa.* ----- How my heart does ach!

STREPHON, PHILLIS, &c. enter.

*Strephon.* Gammer I wish you joy of your mistake,

*Gam.* Oh, I shall die, -----

*Mopsa.* ----- No, no, there's no occasion,  
Look up, dear mother, this is no invasion.

*Gam.* Then who are these? -----

*Mopsa.* Why, Strephon and the swains,  
Who watch their flocks upon the neighbouring plains.

*Gam.* Lord, is this Strephon? -----

*Streph.* ----- Yes it is, behold me,  
But what a strange rum tale it was you told me;  
How Britain was invaded by the French,

*Gaff.* Well, well, you must excuse the poor old wench;

For she is such a patriot, wou'd you think,  
For these three nights she has not slept a wink;  
But fighting, rolling, tumbling up and down,  
I'm plagu'd as bad as tho' 'twere honey-moon.

*Gam-*

*Gam.* Then we're not invaded? ----

*Streph.* ----- No,

*Gam.* ----- I'm glad to hear it,  
But don't you think we shall?

*Streph.* ----- Pho, never fear it:  
Should Monsieur come, egad we'd cause his  
grief,  
And baste his hide with dripping of roast-beef.

A I R. Adapted to the tune of *Roast Beef*.

*Streph.* *The swains from their sheep-folds wou'd  
quickly repair,  
And (leaving the ewes of the lambs to take care)  
The foe to suppress, quit the joys of the plains,  
O the brave swains of Old England,  
And O the old English brave swains.*

*Gam.* *Old wives, like to me, with unparalell'd  
zeal,  
Wou'd study, (renouncing the rock and the reel,)  
And make their dear country the care of their  
lives,  
O the rare wives of Old England,  
And O the old English rare wives.*

*Gaff.* *Old men, who had sons fit to follow the  
plough,  
Wou'd bid them take arms and oppose the rude foe,  
Nor shrink at the trumpet or cannon's loud noise,  
O the brave boys of Old England,  
And O the old English brave boys.*

Mopsa.



Mopsa. *The girls who love freedom, and pleasure,  
and fun,  
Preferring love's joys to — the cares of a Nun,  
Would encourage the soldiers with kisses and  
pearls,  
O the rare girls of Old England,  
And O the old English rare girls.*

Phillis. *The amorous dame, when her lover was  
gone,  
Wou'd disdain, in her cottage, to tarry alone;  
And brave ev'ry danger, regardless of maims,  
O the fair dames of Old England,  
And O the Old English fair dames.*

## C H O R U S.

*All true honest Britons wou'd gladly unite,  
For their King and their laws, and religion they'd  
fight;  
With liberty blest, in loud accents they'd sing,  
Hail to the King of Old England,  
All hail to old England's brave King.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Phillis. Well, Strephon, since the French are  
not come nigh,  
And you've no task your moments to employ,  
Will you perform the sacred vow ye made?  
Streph. Aye, brother soldier, or else loose  
my head.

What

What was it pray? ----

*Phillis*, ----- a song you sung to me  
In yonder grove, ----

*Strephon*. ----- a song I sung to thee? ----

PHILLIS sings the following words to the same  
Air which STREPHON sung them, imitating  
his manner.

A I R.

*Lovely Phillis, tho' I go,  
I quickly shall return;  
Come stem those tides of grief which flow,  
Nor, when I'm absent, mourn.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Strephon*. That song I sung to Phillis,

*Phillis*. (*Taking off her hat*) and pray who's  
this,

*Strephon*. What! is this Phillis?

*Phillis*. ----- look again and guess.

*Strephon*. Why faith it is, but why disguis'd  
I pray?

*Phillis*. When you, in haste, took leave and  
went away,

(*Shewing her dress*) This garb I did procure,  
assum'd this gait, (*marching*)

And thus equipt myself to share your fate:

So now, dear youth, let's quit the hostile train,

And rove together thro' love's fair campaign.

*Stre-*

16 THE LOYAL SHEPHERDS,

*Strephon.* But will you lay down arms? —

*Phillis.* ——— I will.

*Strephon.* ——— but then,  
You'll promise ne'er to take them up again;  
But live a subject, duteous, constant wife.

*Phillis.* I will, (believe me *Strephon*) while  
I've life.

*Strephon.* (*Aside*) When one engages in a  
cause like this,  
A treaty shou'd be made for lasting peace.

(*To Phillis*) Well, you'll remember what you  
now have said,

*Phillis.* Aye, brother soldier, or else loose  
my head.

*Strephon.* But hark ye, one thing yet you  
must resign,

*Phillis.* What's that I pray? ———

*Strephon.* ——— the breeches must be mine,

*Phillis.* The breeches! ———

*Strephon.* ——— aye, at morning, noon and  
night,

You know prerogative's a husband's right.

*Phillis.* I yield the sway,

*Strephon.* ——— but the breeches;

*Phillis.* ——— I forswear 'em.

*Strephon.* But will you e'er again presume  
to wear 'em?

*Phillis.* No, never, never.

*Strephon.* ——— then the reins are mine,  
And mute subordination must be thine.

*Phillis.*

OR, THE RUSTIC HEROINE. 17

Hold, Strephon hold, you must not make rude  
speeches;

Tho' I forego my title to the breeches,  
And you, as master, rule the sheep and goats,  
As mistress I will wear the petticoats.

*Streph.* Hold, Phillis hold, you act unprece-  
dented,

If I am master, why I'm quite contented;

*Phillis.* And I if mistress; —

*Streph.* — Well then all's agreed,  
One kiss, now let's to church and seal the  
deed.

A I R. F I N A L E.

*Streph.* Hark, hark, thro' the grove,  
The herald of love  
Proclaims Cupid's absolute sway;  
The flute's soft alarms,  
Excites us to arms,  
Ye nymphs and ye shepherds obey.  
To the frontiers advance,  
Soft joys you'll enhance,  
Attack, but with courage replete;  
Tho' i'th' conflict you fall,  
Let not danger appall,  
For conquest is but a retreat.

*Phillis.* Again the flute sounds,  
The clangor rebounds,  
The summons I'll never disclaim;  
Joys blanchish the toil,  
Enriching the spoil,  
And the trophies are trophies of fame.  
D The

18 THE LOYAL SHEPHERDS,

*The contest is kind,  
The combat refin'd,  
The captive maintains the fair field;  
The victor is bless'd,  
The vanquish'd cares's'd,  
And the conqueror conquers to yield.*

C H O R U S.

*Bellona to day,  
To Venus gives way,  
And love is the warrior's design;  
But should the rude foe,  
Dare threaten a blow,  
Then Cupid to Mars must resign.  
Now Critics forbear,  
To censure severe,  
Nor our Author's faint effort revile;  
With a wink or a nod,  
The Shepherds applaud,  
But grant the Heroine a smile.*

*A Dia-*



A DIALOGUE *between* VENUS and CUPID.

*Venus.* Tell me, my son, I pr'ythee tell me  
 why,  
 Thy bosom heaves this sad ill-omen'd sigh?  
 Why dost thou bow thus servile to despair?  
 Why dost thou sink depress'd with anxious care?  
 The heart, which once elate with wanton wiles,  
 Now, dull sequester'd solitude beguiles;  
 The face, which wreathed smiles did once adorn,  
 And shone more bright than spring-tide's rosy  
 morn;  
 Now dreary sorrow veils with fulsome fowl,  
 And down each cheek a grief-swoln tear doth roll.

*Cupid.* Forbear, (Mamma) to ask, the case is plain,  
 Tho' my fault'ring tongue 'twould baffle to ex-  
 plain:  
 The load of anguish which now bears me down,  
 Can be but to the wretched bearer known;  
 While grief's exhaustless torrents rudely flow,  
 Infusing bitterness, and dregs of woe  
 Into the cup, which destiny ordains  
 A draught for Cupid, and the source of pains.  
 Dear Venus, pity this my sad distress,  
 Fate has not pow'r my evils to redress.

*Venus.* My darling boy, no longer in suspense  
 Thus keep thy mother, or with vain pretence  
 Attempt to thwart her curious design;  
 Thy joy's my pleasure, and thine anguish mine;

20 Between VENUS and CUPID.

I'll toil to shew thy merits, hide thy faults,  
And search (with nicest care) thy inmost thoughts;  
But the fatal cause of all thy tort'ring woe,  
Is in decypher'd characters wrote on thy brow;  
In vain thou striv'st to hide thy miseries;  
I read thy heart by looking in thy eyes,  
Or if I err, I'll ne'er again rely,  
With conscious truth on dull phis'ogomy;

*Cupid.* Ah, is it so? my griefs then I'll disclose;  
And plain to view, reveal my mad'ning woes:  
Alas! fair Queen of Beauty's bright domain,  
I went on embassay to Britain's plain;  
I thither went, obsequious to your will,  
But fruitless efforts did the moments fill;  
The nymphs were grown so fair, and eke so vain;  
My aid and art alike did they disdain;  
By their own charms they chain with magic pow'r;  
And Cupid's sacred rites are now no more.

*Venus.* Ah, woe is me, art thou the dimpled  
boy, [joy";  
Whom mortals call the "source of heart-felt  
Art thou my Cupid that thus bends to care,  
And prostitutes thy cheek with sorrow's tear?  
Is thine the face which Hebe deck'd so gay,  
With youth's bright charms that never should  
decay?  
Ar't thou the god of love that laugh'd away  
The fleeting night, and spent in mirth the day?  
If such thou art, renounce this odious grief,  
For I'm thy mother and will give relief.

*Cupid.*

*Cupid.* I am your dimpled boy, the son of mirth,

To you I owe loud praises for my birth;  
 But now my godhead is a burthen grown,  
 And all the blandishments I once did own  
 Exhausted are; and men more blest than I,  
 With ease can quit intruding cares and die;  
 With pleasure they resign their mortal breath,  
 And clap contentment close in lasting death;  
 While to eternity I'm doom'd to live,  
 And prove the tortures disappointments give.

*Venus.* Vain talker cease, nor thus with words profane,

Polute the sanction of thy hallow'd reign;  
 When ill's weigh down the menial sons of men,  
 They have not fortitude to rise again;  
 But gods each difficulty shall surmount,  
 And all their former hours of bliss recount:  
 So thou again shall reassume thy bow,  
 And raise thy sceptre which is now laid low;  
 Thy pointed darts, their wounds shall multiply,  
 The banners too, of Love shall wave on high.

*Cupid.* Alas! alas! you talk of reason void,  
 My sceptre's lost, my empire is destroy'd;  
 For Cynthia, Phœbe, Delia, and the rest,  
 Are clad (by nature) in perfection's vest;  
 When they but smile the fatal wound is made,  
 And by their pow'r are youthful shepherds  
 sway'd.

If,

22 Between VENUS and CUPID.

If, from my bow, I throw a winged dart,  
The chance at best is but to pierce a heart;  
The eyes of some fair nymph has pierc'd before,  
Nor potent balm can heal the gangreen'd fore.

*Venus.* Those idle accents all my hopes  
bereave,  
And patience is preparing to take leave;  
Forbear, my son, forbear, or phrenzy soon,  
Will reason's sacred majesty dethrone;  
Chill horror thrills thro' ev'ry pore and vein.  
The mariner, who plows the briny main,  
Despairing sees contorted billows rise,  
Like him I dread to loose my treasur'd prize;  
O Cupid, Cupid, be no longer sad,  
Cast off dull sorrow and again be glad.

*Cupid.* But say, when soft tranquillity is gone,  
When banish'd by rude fate's tremendous frown;  
When the fond breast of peace is destitute,  
And jarring strife reigns monarch absolute;  
Will sweet content with her fair host abide,  
Where ruin pours the vast impetuous tide?  
Yet, if my griefs have urg'd me to complain,  
'Twas but to mitigate the galling pain;  
But now, dull sighs and groans will I forego, }  
And 'gainst the perpetrators of my woe, }  
Without prevarication arm my bow.

*Venus.* Right, right, my boy, thou art love's  
godling still,  
'Thou ne'er did'st shame thy birth, nor ever will.  
A wife

A wife resolve to quit the fair one's side,  
 And let her feel the pow'r which she deny'd;  
 Convince her, when Love's god prepares a dart,  
 It is not beauty's charms can shield the heart;  
 Then let their looks, their smiles, their beaming  
 eyes,

In gazing shepherds create new surprize,  
 While beauty's force enslaves each roving swain,  
 Let Cupid's pow'r each shepherdess enchain.

*Cupid.* Since you, dear mother, have your  
 sanction giv'n, [Heav'n;  
 For shades and groves I'll quit the realm of  
 O'er hill, o'er dale, o'er woodland, lawn and plain,  
 I'll rove, where shepherds watch their fleecy  
 train;

Where flow'rs disclose their variegated dye,  
 Beneath the fairest unperceiv'd I'll lye;  
 And then at ruddy ev'n, when nymphs convene  
 Beneath the hawthorn, on the enamel'd green,  
 I in their bosoms will implant my darts,  
 While they with conqu'ring glances vanquish  
 hearts.

## A SONNET.

*At morning the bee,  
 Roves careless and free,  
 Where Flora her treasure bestows,  
 To kiss the fair pink,  
 On the rivulet's brink,  
 Or ravish the new-blossom'd rose.*

To



To the lilly o'th' vale,  
 He hums a fond tale,  
 And cowslips he feigns to caress;  
 The violet blue,  
 And hyacinth too,  
 He robs of the sweets they possess.  
 The flow'rets most fair,  
 Experience his care,  
 And rule him with prevalent sway,  
 While lustre remains,  
 Or odour retains,  
 But he slights the inglorious decay.

So man I compare,  
 (Who courts every fair)  
 To bees that sip sweets from each flow'r;  
 He vows that he loves,  
 But time surely proves,  
 'Tis only while beauty has pow'r.  
 When the cheek's florid hue,  
 Hangs no longer in view,  
 When the black curling tresses grow grey,  
 When her eyes, (with cares full)  
 Look languid and dull,  
 Indiff'rence love's heat doth allay.  
 So woman's a flow'r,  
 Her life's but an hour,  
 Alike flow'rs and women must fade;  
 And man is in youth,  
 A bee, but in truth,  
 By old age a dull drone he is made.

*Ye nymphs and ye swains,  
 Who traverse the plains,  
 The present's the time to be gay;  
 An hour lost in care,  
 You ne'er can repair,  
 Nor life's gliding stream can you stay.  
 But yet mark the rules,  
 Of wisdom's sage schools,  
 Nor too vainly your moments employ;  
 When exhausted, your sands,  
 And death sternly commands,  
 Have nothing to do ----- but to die.*

---

An invitation to a Gentleman to meet the Author  
 at a Concert held at the Fox, in Duke-street,  
 Bloomsbury Square.

Friend Harry,

——— *A card now I send you entreating,  
 That you would (on Saturday) give me the meeting,  
 Near Bloomsbury Square, at the Fox in his den,  
 Fiddlers of all sorts and sizes convene;  
 As you're fond of variety, thus I invite you,  
 To partake of a feast which I hope will delight you;  
 Tho' ragouts nor du vin rouge, we've no such fare  
 here,  
 Our chear, fir, is cat-gut, et de la forte bier:  
 Admission is granted to butchers and bakers,  
 Lawyers, painters and poets, likewise undertakers;*

*To folks of all tempers, and folks of all fashions,  
Dull misers, gay spendthrifts, and all denominations;  
And as to religion, both Papists and Quakers,  
Turks, Christians and Jews, herd with us elbow-  
shakers;*

*But here is no ladies, I'll tell you for why,  
Cork rumps are too large, feather'd heads are too  
high;*

*The stair-case is narrow, the door too is low,  
And into our hall they're unable to go;  
But dinner's just ready, I must have some pudding,  
So farewell friend Harry, I'm your's*

TOM GOODWIN.

AN ADDRESS to CÆLIA on Midsum-  
mer-day.

*Dear Cælia the weather's so hot, I declare,  
I wish from my soul we had April's cool air;  
The bustle of bus'ness doth urge my complaint,  
And with labour's stern rigour I'm ready to faint.*

*The science I studied in wisdom's sage school,  
Says, "Repair to the fountain," you then will be  
cool,  
But if I shou'd dive, I'm persuaded to think,  
Tho' my head is but light, yet by chance I might  
sink.*

*And*

*And as I'm a landsman, in truth I don't wish  
To have my bones pick'd by a legion of fish;  
But if you can pity a swain in this trim,  
Do lend me your rump\*, then I surely can swim.*

\* Alluding to the ladies wearing cork-rumps.

A BALLAD, sung by Mr. MERIDITH,  
at Ranelagh, 1777, and set to music by the late  
Mr. BATES.

*The summer was over, my flocks were all shorn,  
My meadows were mown, I had hous'd all my corn;  
Fair Phillida's cottage stood just in my view,  
So a wooing I went, I had nought else to do;  
On Flora's soft sofa together we sat,  
And spent some long moments in amorous chat;  
I told her I lov'd her, and hop'd she lov'd too,  
Then kiss'd her sweet lips, I had nought else to do.*

*She hung down her head, and with blushes replied,  
I'll love you, but first you must make me your bride;  
Without hesitation I made her a vow,  
To make her a wife, I had nought else to do;  
To the village in quest of a priest did we roam,  
By fortune's decree the grave Don was at home;  
I gave him a fee to make one ----- of us two,  
He married us then, he had nought else to do.*

*E'er since we've been happy with peace and content,  
Nor tasted the sorrows of those who repent;  
Our neighbours all round us, we love --- and 'tis true,  
Each other beside, when we've nought else to do;  
With Phæbus the toil of the day we begin,  
I shepherd my ewes, and she sits down to spin;  
Our cares thus domestic, we'll arduous pursue,  
And die on a day when we've nought else to do.*

---

A BALLAD, sung by Mr. VERNON, at  
Vauxhall, 1777, set to music by the late  
Mr. BATES.

*Ye Bacchants fair, (with leaves of vine,)  
To crown my brows a wreath entwine;  
And fill the cup with sparkling juice,  
Such as cluster'd grapes produce;  
Then I'll quaff of joys divine,  
And drown my cares in rosy wine.*

*Ne'er hence the coy disdaining prude,  
Shall dare to tell me I was rude;  
Nor vain coquettish dame shall say,  
Cupid calls us, let's away;  
For I'll bow at Bacchus' shrine,  
And drown my cares in rosy wine.*

*Let misers count their glitt'ring ore,  
And heroes seek the joys of war;*

*Let*



# A BALLAD.

29

*Let hunters range the meadows round,  
With pealing horn and yelping hound;  
They've their pleasures, I'll have mine,  
And drown my cares in rosy wine.*

*Yet, wou'd some nymph of florid hue,  
In love sincere, and friendship true,  
With me partake the rosy bowl,  
Care shou'd ne'er invade my soul;  
Ev'ry joy would then be mine,  
For love gives zest to rosy wine.*

---

A BALLAD, sung by Mr. VERNON, at  
Vauxhall, 1777, set to music by the late  
Mr. BATES.

*In quest of a lamb,  
That had stray'd from its dam,  
Young Corydon wander'd afar;  
At the foot of a mount,  
Near a christaline fount,  
He heard the shrill clangor of war.  
The shepherd (well pleas'd)  
Cried no more I'll be teas'd  
With solitude's dissonant lore;  
The music to charm,  
Is fame's loud alarm,  
That summons to glory and pow'r.*

He

He follow'd the din,  
 That warm'd him within,  
 O'er woodland, thro' thicket and grove;  
 When on a moss bed,  
 Beneath a cool shade  
 Of poplar, with woodbine enwove,  
 A shepherdess lay,  
 Obscure from the ray,  
 Which predominant rul'd o'er the plain;  
 She thither retir'd,  
 And labour inspir'd,  
 To traverse soft slumber's domain.

A while he survey'd,  
 The sleeping fair maid,  
 Then stole from her bosom a kiss;  
 She awoke with a frown,  
 Cried, intruder be gone,  
 What daring presumption is this:  
 But soon she grew kind,  
 To wedlock inclin'd,  
 The swain (who was happy as Jove)  
 Swore Mars he'd renounce,  
 And his trophies at once,  
 To tarry with beauty and love.

---

A BALLAD, sung by Mrs. WEICHSEL,  
 at Vauxhall, 1777, set to music by Mr.  
 Hook.

Long time I've enjoy'd the soft transports of love,  
 I've bill'd like the sparrow, and coo'd like the dove;  
 In

*In woodbine alcove, or in jessamine bow'r,  
With many fond shepherds I've trifled an hour;  
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,  
"One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."*

*Young Colin's fond promise inspir'd me with joy,  
And Damon's caresses I thought ne'er could cloy;  
With each have I sat in a lonely retreat,  
And beheld with delight the kind youth at my feet;  
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,  
"One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."*

*Gay Strephon declares I'm the girl to his mind,  
If he proves sincere, I'll be constant and kind;  
He vows that to-morrow he'll make me his wife,  
I'll fondly endeavour to bless him for life;  
For all other shepherds I care not a rush,  
"One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."*

A BALLAD, sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN,  
at Vauxhall, 1778, set to music by Mr.  
HOOK.

*Now summer approaches, dull winter recedes,  
Primroses and violets adorn ev'ry hill,  
The lads and the lasses trip o'er the green meads,  
Or sit by meander's slow murmuring rill;  
While the upland, the low land, the woodland the  
grove,  
And valley re-echoes sweet carralls of love.*

*While*

*While Colin with Phillis repairs to the bow'r,  
 T' exchange a sweet kiss, or to plight a fond  
 vow,  
 Gay Florimel gathers each new-blossom'd flow'r,  
 To deck with a Chaplet, her swain's youthful  
 brow:*

*While the upland, &c.*

*Fair Daphne at morn, bids adieu to her cot,  
 And seeks the cool grout, or secluded alcove;  
 Her Damon she meets at the critical spot,  
 His heart leaps for joy at the sight of his love:  
 While the upland, &c.*

*When Phœbus forsakes this low region of clay,  
 And sinks in soft rapture on Thetis' fair breast;  
 For the wearisom labour of rigorous day,  
 Balmy night has an adequate portion of rest,  
 While the upland, &c.*

A PARODY on Mr. QUICK's first song  
 in the Duenna.

*For beauty in women I care not a straw,  
 Give me but a female that's kind;  
 And tho' in her person be many a flaw,  
 Without e'er a flaw in her mind:*

*Her*

*Her cheeks may be coloured by nature or paint,  
 And pimples of dimples in lieu;  
 Her legs may be crooked or straight, I'm content,  
 So fate has equipt her with two.*

*If in stature she's tall, then on tip-toe I'll stand,  
 To snatch from her lips a sweet kiss;  
 But if the reverse, I will press her soft hand,  
 And stoop for the exquisite bliss.  
 If her teeth shou'd be black, why I care not a jot,  
 I'm as easy if they should be white,  
 If she has but any, and if she has not,  
 Why 'tis evident then she can't bite.*

*If she's deaf, there's no danger I e'er should be  
 chid,  
 For she can't hear the tales that are told;  
 If blind why 'tis certain my faults will be hid,  
 And if dumb then I'm sure she can't scold;  
 In youth or in age is a pleasure to prove,  
 Nor one can the other outvie,  
 If buxom and young she the better can love,  
 And if old why the sooner she'll die.*

P E N, I N K, and P A P E R.

A F A B L E.

*A Poet once did from his closet stray,  
 While on the desk pen, ink, and paper lay;  
 F A dread-*



*A dreadful contest rose betwixt these three,  
Which best could claim superiority;  
Oh, cries the ink, you foolish pair to prate,  
And on such subject hold a strong debate;  
My pow'r and virtue daily flows profuse,  
Pray what without my aid cou'd you produce;  
My art, my self, my lustre so divine,  
You surely must own prerogative is mine.*

*The sheet cou'd now no longer dormant lie,  
But thunder'd with disdain this tart reply,  
Thy art, thy lustre, and detested self,  
To boast, thou black inexorable elf;  
'Tis well none hears thee but thy friends, thou calf,  
Else at such folly they wou'd surely laugh;  
The pen knows better than to hold dispute,  
With one who must all arguments confute;  
My sacred birth-right, those who can define,  
Will surely own prerogative is mine.*

*The pen now rose and his long silence broke,  
And thus his two antagonists bespoke,  
Thou base-born mangril, to the ink he cried,  
Cease this mut'ny, and abate thy pride;  
Renounce the holy path that leads to fame,  
And let obscurity conceal thy name;  
For lovely Cloe, fairest of her train,  
In secret wrote a letter to her swain;  
In dark oblivion hide thy hideous head,  
Thou stain'd her ruffle, and she was betray'd.*

Then

*Then to the paper turning, thus he spoke,  
 No longer aim my anger to provoke,  
 Nor on thy birth-right dare presume to brag,  
 Thou impious offspring of a filthy rage:  
 I am, by legal progeny the son,  
 (By natural law) of an ætherial Don;  
 Mean while the Poet listened at the door,  
 'Till rage, calm patience, from his bosom tore;  
 Then in he rush'd, inspir'd with vengeful air,  
 And threw the three contestants on the fire;  
 In doleful accents they their voices rais'd,  
 And thus he heard them murmur as they blaz'd,  
 Our folly now too late we dearly rue,  
 I suffer martyrdom for you, and you.*

## THE MORAL.

*By this we may learn,  
 And easy discern,  
 'Tis best to shun quarrels and strife;  
 For while we're content,  
 With what fortune has sent,  
 We enjoy ev'ry blessing of life.*



One hen-peck'd booby cried, Dear Bet don't picker,  
 Antother, pr'thee Kate, don't waste the liquor :  
 So threats and pray'rs maintain'd a clangor far,  
 More loud and terrible than wind or war ;  
 The landlord with reluctance left the score, }  
 Where he had labour'd hard full half an hour, }  
 And turn'd the noisy crew all out o'th' door ; }  
 The women frown'd at such insulting airs,  
 The men (with hiccup) stagger'd down the stairs.

But we to hide such scences have dropt the curtain,  
 And this is now our theatre for certain ;  
 The villagers, for social mirth renown'd,  
 Have now a new and diff'rent specie found ;  
 They round the bowl with songs were ever gay,  
 But now design to represent a play ;  
 She Stoops to Conquer is the piece intended,  
 Where strokes of humour and of wit are blended ;  
 'Tis a dish which Goldsmith dress'd, and if we're  
 able,

For your repast we'll set it on the table ;  
 Yet you must not expect to find decorum,  
 Like that which Auditors perceive before 'em ;  
 When they repair to Covent-Garden's plain,  
 Or trace the pleasant shades of Drury-Lane ;  
 The shades where magic doth new arts invent,  
 Transforming ev'ry bow'r into a tent ;  
 The vale where Tragedy pour'd forth her tears,  
 Now shines in arms, and as a camp appears ;  
 This troop can surely gain no small renown,  
 While ev'ry night review'd by half the town ;

Nor

*Nor less can Covent-Garden heroes boast,  
Who have invaded ev'n th' embattled coast;  
Embark'd in safety, made their landing good,  
Without the loss of time, or loss of blood.*

*But we've no camps to shew, nor yet invasions,  
Our force had been too weak for such occasions;  
We cou'd not muster vet'rans fierce and bold,  
Yet you shall soon our noble corps behold;  
We hope each Critic will their pow'r suspend,  
And let defective merit find a friend;  
For tho' to night we fictitious titles borrow,  
We intend to reassume our own to-morrow.*





## AN ACROSTIC.

A las, alas, my hopes are vain,  
 Behold me sink oppress'd with pain;  
 Cast down with mis'ry grief and care,  
 Driv'n to th' verge of dark despair;  
 Each morning dawns to see me grieve,  
 From peace secluded doom'd to live;  
 Gracious pow'rs avert my woe,  
 Here your genial smiles bestow;  
 \*I dalia send some pity soon,  
 Justice bids thee grant the boon;  
 Kneeling I thy aid implore,  
 Listen pr'thee to my lore;  
 Mark my words, thine anger spare,  
 Now I thus begin my pray'r,  
 O may she, that's sweet and fair,  
 Permit me to reveal my care;  
 Quell my doubts, and with a smile,  
 Reward my labor, crown my toil;  
 Sigh with me 'till mutual joys,  
 Tumultuous in each breast doth rise;  
 Until propitious love inspires,  
 Vesta's never-ceasing fires;  
 We then will ramble o'er the plain,  
 'Xempt from fear, to Hymen's fane;  
 Youth we'll spend in love's soft joy,  
 Zealously old age employ,  
 & prove that bliss which ne'er can cloy.

\* One of the names of Venus.

F I N I S.



